

The Heiress' Return: Six Brothers at Her Beck and Call (Wynter Quinnell) Chapter 4

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Chapter 4 Questioning Her Medical Skills?

“Yes, young lady, it’s better to call 911 first. This child seems lost. I’ve been shouting for a while, but no one came,” an old man said. He feared that the responsibility would fall on this girl **if** something went wrong.

Wynter quickly untied the little boy’s suit and found a shady place nearby. “Ladies and gentlemen, rest assured, I have a medical license.”

She pulled her backpack as she spoke to reveal a foldable small medical box. When the box opened, rows of silver needles and various surgical knives, long and short, were neatly arranged.

Wynter once again checked the boy’s pulse.

“Stop!” The man in the white coat couldn’t stand it anymore. He shouted loudly, “How can you randomly give the patient injections?”

Ignoring him, Wynter lowered her eyes. She counted the boy’s pulse and heart rate.

The man in the white coat sneered, “I am Luke Johnson, a student from Sacred Heart Medical University, and under Madam Gibson’s guidance. I’m not an ordinary commoner. You say you have a medical license? How old are you?”

Wynter remained indifferent. She focused on the little boy, disinfecting the needles.

“I’m talking to you!” It was Luke’s first time being ignored. “Even the old man knows to call 911. Don’t you understand?”

Wynter knelt on one knee, her presence both sharp and cold. “Just standing by while waiting for 911? Delaying emergency treatment? Is that how your teacher taught you?”

“Who said just to stand by and wait for 911?” Luke was irritated, disdainfully retorting, “You’re the one delaying emergency treatment now. Taking out needles to show off. You better put away your pseudo—science of traditional medicine. Let me perform CPR for the patient.”

Upon hearing this, Wynter glanced at him, her gaze extremely cold.

Who would have thought such a pretty girl could be so unyielding?

“He has heatstroke. What are you doing with CPR?” Wynter pressed the boy’s fingers. There was a chill in her voice when she said, “Incompetent doctor.”

Luke exploded. “Who are you calling an incompetent doctor? Do you know who my mentor is?”

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He had just returned from abroad with Madam Gibson and awards. This little girl dared to question his medical skills!

“I’m not interested in knowing.” Wynter disinfected the needles, continuing her actions seamlessly. “Step aside.”

Luke’s eyes were red with anger. “I won’t compare skills with a traditional medicine swindler like you. His lips are purple. It’s obviously a heart problem ...”

“Myocardial hypoxia and ischemia can stimulate respiratory function, leading to purple lips. Wynter met his gaze, her eyes icy. “However, heatstroke can also cause purple lips. The difference lies in his stable and moderate pulse. Moreover, his lip lines are dry, clearly indicating prolonged exposure to high temperatures. You don’t even observe these medical signs, and you call yourself a student of Sacred Heart Medical University?”

“Yes, we should first observe medical signs. I’ve also learned that before,” someone chimed in.

Others sneered. “This student from Sacred Heart Medical University doesn’t seem that great.

“I still think the girl is reliable. I can tell she’s professional just by observing her pulse reading.”

Luke couldn’t bear the humiliation. “Fine, even if he has heatstroke, can your few needles cure him? Then, what’s the use of us medical students?”

“You can only speak for yourself, not for all medical students.” Wynter’s eyes were cold. “I’ll say it again: step aside.”

She despised two types of people the most in her life: those who belittled the legacy of traditional medicine and those incompetent doctors who delayed her efforts to save lives

“Fine, I’ll step aside. I want to see how capable this little girl is.” Luke sneered, folding his arms. “If your needles can cure him, I’ll kneel down and call you a genius!”

“I’ll wait for that ‘genius’ from you,” Wynter said, facing the light. She then probed with precision and swiftly lifted her hand!